

OVERVIEW
Beyond The Forbidden Forest is a free form adventure program designed in OmniDimension 4D, which not only depicts the passage of time, but also allows the character to appear to move in and out of the screen as well as in front of and behind objects. The goal of the archer is to destroy the Demogorgon who lurks in the cave beneath the castle (Part II). In order to accomplish this task, the player must first battle his way through the Forbidden Forest, eliminating the monsters sent by the Demogorgon to terminate his quest, while accumulating sufficient golden arrows to prevail in the Underworld. Remember, since Beyond The Forbidden Forest is designed in OmniDimension 4D, you may be required to not only fire your arrows at different elevations, but also in different directions including into and out of the monitor screen. Be careful not to shoot yourself!

USING THE JOYSTICK AND FUNCTION KEYS
Joystick: Moving the stick handle will cause the archer to move left and right as well as forward and backward into the forest.
To Shoot: Press firebutton for elevation. Hold firebutton and stick to aim.
Hold stick and release firebutton to shoot.

Function Keys: Press Function Key "F 1" to see the gold arrows and to pause the program. With four or more gold arrows, press "F 1" and then press "F 3" to load Part Two. Be sure the disk is in the drive before pressing "F 3". Press "F 7" to continue the game from "The Game is Lost" or the Resurrection Scenes.

GOLD ARROW COUNTING
In the Forest
Win one gold arrow for each forest kill.
Lose half of all gold arrows for resurrection.
Double gold arrows when going to Part Two.

In the Underworld
Lose one gold arrow per shot.
Lose two gold arrows if knocked out by bats.
Lose two gold arrows if killed by Hydra.
Lose two gold arrows if killed by Demogorgon.
If all gold arrows are lost, player turns to stone.

GAME PLAY AND STRATEGY
Background & Technique
The Forest beckoned. The still air, the soft grass underfoot, the maze of trees and shrubs all of a kind, yet no two alike. These things were also where I had been a while ago and not far from this place but now I began to notice subtle changes as I wandered deeper into this new wood. Silence. Not a wisp of wind, a chirping of birds, not even the faint buzzing of insects busying themselves among the flora. These curious differences made me alert to other things now. Signs. Broken twigs, matted spots in grass—perhaps footprints, and there a whole tree shattered at mid-trunk and felled by some flaming occurrence, perhaps lightning. Despite its apparent quiescence, this was not always an uneventful place.
I was beginning, for reasons as yet unclear, to be glad of the equipment I carried with me. In fact, the very purpose for my jaunt into the wilderness was to test and practice my new invention. While the bow and arrow is an antiquated concept and a well-historied tool, I say "new" because of my own contributions to the design that bring the weapon to the peak of contemporary effectiveness. I had incorporated a central control shaft and an activator button into the basic structure. By holding the button down, I can easily change the elevation of my shot up and down from the sky to the horizon and can gauge this angle by small marks that move correspondingly on either side. While maintaining this hold on the button, I can then find my target by moving the control shaft in the direction I wish to aim. I can hold this arrangement as long as I wish, until, at just the right moment, I remove my thumb from the button, and the arrow flies instantly to the heart of the target. I continued my stroll through the suspicious yet still pleasant glade, occasionally stopping at a well-placed stump or tree to try a shot.

The Scorpion (Scorpiod)
It was only a casual glance around that saved me from the first attack! For there was no sound or warning. Out of the brush dashed a living horror whose sole motivation seemed to be my presence. Had it not been for the size, I would have instantly recognized it. The shape and appendages were clearly those of a scorpion, but the dimensions clearly were not. Equal to a wild boar in bulk and made high by the curled tail tipped with that vicious stinger easily rivalling my own arrowheads. No portion of a second was lost before I left my spot, running just ahead of two grasping pincers that girthed the head of the monster. While it had six legs to my two, my stride gave me an edge and at a reasonable distance ahead, I darted to a tangent and circled around the beast. Though it had kept on my heels thus far, it now ran on out of sight. Perhaps its field of vision was impeded by those dangerous claws. Now I had an opportunity to ready myself. Following the procedures I described earlier, I moved to open ground and watched for an assault from any direction. I set the elevation low and aimed in a direction from which I could turn either way. Instantly upon its reappearance, I let go the button and my arrow found its mark!
A spray of blood told me I had aimed well but, to my amazement, after only a brief stunned pause, the monster came on. I did not stop to analyze the insensitivity of the creature. I ran again. Again, I managed to avoid the unpleasant caresses of those terrifying limbs by dodging to the other side of a large tree. I even got off another shot from behind the tree at the retreating scorpiod, but missed by misjudging the angle between it and myself. The assault continued like this; positioning myself for a good, early shot, and upon missing, running to some perpendicular direction to avoid being caught. Two, three, even four times, an arrow struck it square, but after a second, it continued its pursuit. On the fifth successful shot, the strangest thing occurred. The whole beast began to glisten and sparkle in many shapes and colours of itself and, momentarily, it was gone. Vanished without a trace! As though I had not already enough proof, I reaffirmed the idea that this was no ordinary creation. The incarnation or merely the emissary of some unwholesome spirit it might have been, though I find such notions hard to fathom.

The Golden Arrows
But even as I dismissed this unlikely explanation, my musings were interrupted by another unexpected event. Accompanied by an unprecedented sound, musical in timbre but of unknown origin, a kind of ethereal fanfare—a great glowing orb descended from the sky. I watched in awe, unable to move, as the whirling, tumbling celestial enigma slowly approached. And then, from somewhere in the invisible depths of the thing, a dot of brightness shone. It grew larger as though it was coming towards me. This turned out to be correct. Shot out by unknown forces, a shining golden arrow sailed through the sky out of the spinning orb. For a moment, I feared it might strike me, but as I could not move, I would have to wait and see. It flew safely overhead and the shaft sunk in the ground a few yards away. I was suddenly able to move again and when I turned, the gold arrow had disappeared. Then I felt a prickling at the back of my neck. I peered over my shoulder and there it was, right in the quiver with all the other arrows I had brought with me!
At this point, I decided that something out of the ordinary was definitely happening to me.

The Worms (Vermes)
If you will forgive the contradiction, the rest of that day was a nightmare. More attacks followed. At first, a grotesque worm-like thing, the size of a small tree, popped out of the ground, gnashing large, mangling teeth in a head that was virtually all mouth. I shot at it and missed as it withdrew back into the earth, only to appear at another spot a few

BEYOND the FORBIDDEN FOREST



seconds later. I hit the thing four or five times, each at a different place, and the last time the whole top of the monster exploded into fine, misting bits. I know that if I had missed it repeatedly, it would have eventually found my position and swallowed me whole!

The Dragonfly (Meglamosq)
I was also menaced by an enormous flying creature that was in many ways, except for its size, like a mosquito with four madly buzzing wings and a long stinger-like proboscis that could drain the blood from an elephant with little trouble. It adroitly dodged my arrows until one lucky shot brought it spiralling down only to vanish in a puff of smoke. The celestial orb appeared again each time I vanquished one of the monsters and bestowed upon me another golden arrow. I could only guess that these were for some future task that those controlling the orb wished me to tackle, and if it was to be anything like what I had experienced, I should win as many as I could.

The Megatherium and Resurrection
Then it happened! With a quick, devastating leap through the air, a horrible, brutish chimera of a beast was upon me. I escaped its first thrust and ran into the forest. Before I could gather myself and take aim at it, the thing hopped over yards of ground and landed right on top of me. The next few seconds are a blur, in my memory, of flailing limbs, its and mine, and blood and encroaching darkness. I was sure it was the end. It is not clear to me what happened next. There was darkness and then above something moved and a bright blue light played over me. Inexplicably, I found myself back in the forest, intact and uninjured. But soon, I noticed that half of the gold arrows I had won were missing. Well, a small price to pay for one's life!

As evening gathered about the forest, I continued the battle between myself and who or whatever was sending out their evil minions against me. As my abilities and instincts improved, it seemed as if my opponents sensed this and intensified their aggression. Yet, my supply of gold arrows grew. By the time the stormswept night covered everything in a shroud of blackness, I had enough—at least sixteen arrows—to feel confident to finally face what must await me. But where was it? What was it?

PART II—The Underworld
All instantly vanished. The trees, the ground, the sky, everything. Totally black. I could not even see myself anymore. There in the void, I saw writing. It seemed to be everywhere at once and yet nowhere. To this day, I cannot remember what it said, only the chill it brought to my blood. Wherever I was going, it was not a place I would have freely chosen to go. I felt myself a pawn in someone else's game.

The Bats
I soon found myself in an immense cavernous underworld. A dark place where the only feelings possible were fear and loneliness. I wandered about for awhile unable to think of anything else to do. Suddenly, they were all about me. Bats. Everywhere. Black bats. Swirling around in all directions. One struck me and I felt warm blood running down my forehead. I ran to the back wall of the cavern to what seemed to be an opening. I managed to get through by carefully moving forward and to the side at the same time. I could see nothing inside but at least those relentless bats could not get at me. However, I could not stay here. At first, it was difficult finding a way out. I moved left and right, through the darkness until I found another opening and then by again squeezing through in a diagonal direction, I was once again in the main cavern. The bats were waiting for me. I dodged them as best I could though they

seemed everywhere at once. Then I saw, darting in and out of the hidden places above, a flash of colour in among the multiple black-winged silhouettes. It seemed to me there was one, and only one bat with a gold-orange colour. I assumed, hopefully, that its uniqueness had meaning. So, knowing the few gold arrows I had were precious, I decided to concentrate on the coloured bat. The night-creature darted and swooped with lightening-like speed and I shot three arrows without success. Despite my efforts to shoot at the one while avoiding the others, I was hit several times and finally was overcome and collapsed. But again, to my amazement, those whose champion I was, were not through with me yet. As two gold arrows dematerialized in the quiver, my wounds miraculously faded away and I was up and ready for action. Then a streak of colour whipped by to my left. I whirled, pressed the button, threw the stick to that direction and released the button. The ruddy vampire popped like a balloon! Then, all around me, other bats blasted out of existence, some far away so I could only hear the sound. I was right. With the destruction of the coloured bat, all the others also ceased to exist.

The Hydra
I was alone again and it was quiet. I had ten gold arrows left. It didn't seem enough though I had no idea what lay ahead. As I waited apprehensively, nothing did happen, so I decided to explore. I moved down further into this creepy grotto, sensing nothing but the lifelessness of the place. I was stopped by a wall of jagged rock that seemed to be the end of the cavern, which was disquieting because it meant that I was sealed in. But in the far corner, against the back was an opening in the wall. While slightly larger than the others, I had no reason to suspect that it was any more interesting. But I went through it. There was no time to pause in stunned horror at what was behind that doorway. I had to sprint instantly into the depths of this ante-chamber to avoid being incinerated by a blast of flame that gushed from one of the heads of the most unbelievable, hulking monstrosity I could have imagined. Three other heads also sat upon snaking necks atop this Leviathan, each belching fire. I waited for a blessed pause in the pyrotechnics to dash back out of the cave the same way I had entered. Once more out in the cavern, I gathered my thoughts as my heart gradually slowed to normal. Naturally, I did not wish to go back in there. But what was the alternative? To remain out here, perhaps forever, with no hope of escape? My task had to continue. I turned and re-entered the cave. Again, I escaped cremation by running behind the monster immediately. There was no good shot at the heads back there so I knew I must face the thing, risk the flames, if I was to destroy it. I made my plan and rushed into action. I waited for the first head to fire a blast and as soon as it dissipated completely, I raced forward and stood directly under that hideous face. With arrow elevation high, I instantly turned and fired right up its snout. A splash of green blood signalled a good hit. I did not wait to celebrate; I ran back into the cave. Sure enough, the head I had wounded had lost none of its inflammatory capabilities. The rest of the task was now simple and deadly. Do the same thing in the same way to the rest of the heads, one by one. I got the second head and the third with one shot each, and I found that there was a very narrow space between the heads where the flames could not get to me. None of the damage I had done curtailed the beast's fiery fury in the least. I rushed back around behind the creature to approach the last head without going by the other three. At the right moment, I slipped past its flicking tail and leaped forward, spun around and fired. I missed! Without hesitation, I stepped a few paces over to get between the third and last head. I was lucky. The flames billowed out of the head, passing me so closely I could feel my eyebrows singeing. The fire evaporated and I stepped back in front of that head and shot my golden arrow. The green blood spilled out. The monster went into a spasm of wild gyrations, each long neck thrashing uncontrollably. But soon it began to slow and droop slightly, and suddenly it stopped very abruptly. Its colour changed to a dull granite-grey. The great behemoth had turned to stone!

The Demogorgon
Outside, the cavern was suddenly plunged into darkness. And almost instantly upon that, the world exploded into bright, multi-coloured light. And then it was there before me! And somehow I knew it. Rising out of its abominable pit, the unspeakable giant towering above me with its mad conglomeration of monstrous shapes and kinds of many different creatures—the torso of a giant mantis, the ape-like shoulders, the sinewy reptilian arms, and the dragon's head. This surely was the monster ultima, the devil of the natural world—the demogorgon! My first instinct was to run away; and I followed it. I ran to the far corners of the enclosed void around me while the eyes of the demogorgon followed me. As I ran, balls of energy-plasma shot out of those evil eyes and barely missed me, as they burst against the ground. At a glance, I saw something glowing in the middle of the demon's thorax. A few feet below its terrible head. This must be the heart of the beast, I reasoned, and this must be the final target for my hard-won golden arrows. But surrounding the whole mid-section were great leaves of what looked like natural armour plating. Only a narrow access at the front seemed hopeful. So there was no choice. I steelled myself and raced around in front of the demogorgon. The fiery eyes instantly flared and the plasma-globs shot forth, passing only inches over my head as I ran to the other side. The hideous face began to turn toward me. I aimed for the chest. The eyes flared. My arrow flew up and ricocheted off the plate just below the heart. I saw the plasma coming at me and then a searing sensation covered by body and everything went black. I had learned by now that this contest was not over until someone besides myself won or lost. It was only a brief stay in oblivion before it started all over again. And the demogorgon appeared again. I knew this time that the plan was simple, only the execution was difficult. If I could draw his fire to one place and escape it, it should give me the split second I needed to get to another place and shoot. The real trick was taking no time to aim but rather be absolutely sure of my target before the attempt. First, I set my arrow elevation. Then I moved as close to the front as I could without entering the danger zone. I edged up to the very rim of the pit, being extremely careful not to fall in, and readied myself. I ran diagonally across in front of him. His eyes flashed and the energy fired out. I dashed underneath as they zipped past and exploded. I stopped on the other side. I turned. I raised the bow. I let go the golden arrow as the massive head turned to stare at me. I did not even see the arrow pierce the heart. The whole horrible monster exploded into an immense cloud of sulphuric hell! And then the sun, shining through billowy white clouds, glistened against a deep blue sky. The demogorgon was no more.

LOADING INSTRUCTIONS
Cassette: Press SHIFT & RUN/STOP together; then press PLAY on cassette and program will load automatically.
Disk: Insert disk; type LOAD " ", 8,1 and program will load automatically.

COSMI

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